

THE CHINOOK ADVANCE

Vol. 22

Chinook, Alberta, Thursday October 9th 1941

OLD - AGE PENSION LIMITS MAKE INCREASE IMPOSSIBLE

EDMONTON, Sept. 30 (CP) — Alberta government officials said today granting of a provincial bonus of \$5 a month to old age pensioners, in addition to their present pension of approximately \$20 per month, would cost the province \$646,200 a year.

Officials were commenting on a recent report from Calgary which said Fred Anderson, member of the Legislative Assembly for Calgary, told old age pensioners in that city that he is prepared to introduce the resolution at the next session of the Alberta Legislature.

There are 10,770 pensioners in Alberta. \$365 is limit set.

At the last session of the legislature, the appropriation for the 1941-1942 fiscal year for outlays for old age pensioners was \$2,695,610.

"GIBBY" GILBERTSON GETS ROYAL SEND-OFF

On the evening of Thursday, Oct. 2, a number of people from Chinook and district gathered to give Trooper "Gibby" Gilbertson a real home-town farewell. They spent the evening in playing games and dancing. At midnight a delicious lunch was served. Immediately after, Mr. Charles spoke.

The party broke up at 1, but a few friends waited up and saw "Gibby" off on the eastbound train.

40 Per Cent Cut In

Licences now

Effective after October 1, a 40 per cent reduction in automobile licence prices is available to Alberta motorists. On January 1, 1942, the fees will be reduced to 25 per cent of their original value.

Following the practice of former years, the provincial government will allow rebates of 20 per cent on plates turned in before January 10.

Obituary J Robt. Miller

On Tuesday morning September 30, Mr. J. R. Miller passed peacefully at his home in Innisfail following an illness of several months duration.

The late Mr. Miller was born on June 5th 1855 in St. Helens, Ontario, son of Richard K. Miller who died in 1895, leaving seven children of whom J. R. was the second oldest and only ten years old at the time of his father's death.

They were in the general store business and the oldest brother still operated the store. J. R. went to Goderich College from which he graduated at the early age of 16. He came west in 1905 to Fort Francis where he worked in the Carter Department Store until 1910. In 1911 Mr. Miller moved to Allan, Sask., where he opened a general store. On Sept. 20th 1911 he married Willena Clark. In 1913 the store and dwelling in Allan were destroyed by fire. Mr. Miller then moved on and in May located at Chinook. Here again Mr. Miller suffered a heavy loss the store was robbed and burned. It was rebuilt at once but in 1921 owing to poor crops the business was closed out. The family then moved to Calgary where they lived until 1923 when Mr. Miller located at Didbury and in 1928 he sold out the Didbury business and moved to Innisfail where he presided the Sun Life Insurance of Canada up

to the time of his death.

Mr. Miller was taken ill several months ago and been confined to his home since that time. He leaves to mourn his loss his widow Willena Mary, three sons Richard, who is with the Robin Hood Laboratory at Calgary; Keith of the Fairbanks Morse Co., Winnipeg; Walden Staff Sgt. in the R. C. A. M. C., Calgary; and a daughter Marjory at home. He is also survived by two brothers and two sisters Isaac and Christina of St. Helen's Elizabeth of Edmonton; and Stuart of Hanna.

The funeral service was held in the United Church on Wednesday afternoon at 3 p. m., Rev R. Simons conducted the service. Funeral director V. E. Anderson was in charge of the arrangements; and following service the body was taken to Calgary for cremation. The ashes will later be taken to Eastern Canada for a final resting place.

Rev. Simons accompanied Mrs. Miller and the family to Calgary Crematorium.

The late Mr. Miller or ("J. R.") as he was called by those who knew him had always taken an interest in sport particularly curling and golf. In 1937-38 he was president of the Alberta Branch of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club of Canada and also President of the Innisfail Club, and during the visit of the Royal Scottish Curlers had the honor of representing the Innisfail Club at Calgary. During the past two years he was Secretary of the Innisfail club and much credit is due him for the splendid position of the club.

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Prem - Canned Pork Specialty	per tin	28c
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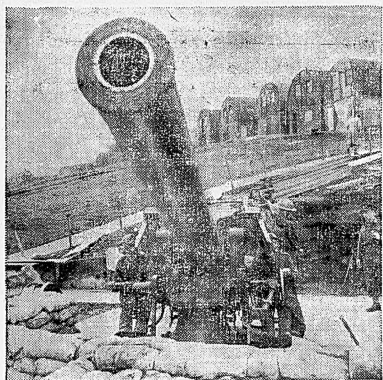
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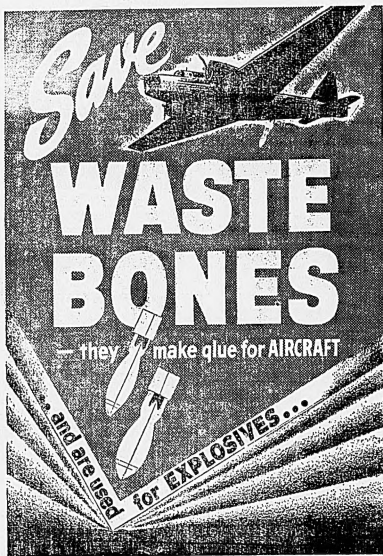
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Another Enemy

With King Winter on the threshold and the season of greatest fire hazards approaching now is the time to give serious thought to the evil consequences of carelessness in the handling of one of the most beneficial and at the same time one of the most dangerous of the elements essential to civilized life.

It requires very little reflection to appreciate the beneficence which fire has bestowed upon mankind and there is no necessity here to enumerate its advantages or to speculate upon what civilization would be without it. But there is good cause to reflect upon the evils which it can, and unfortunately, too often does, bring in its train due to human frailty in the form of ignorance or negligence.

Every year millions of dollars go up in smoke to the great godfire, on this continent. Last year, property having an estimated value of \$300,000,000 was destroyed by uncontrolled fire in the United States. Proportionately the property loss in Canada from the same cause was comparable and Western Canada contributed her share to this unnecessary sacrifice.

It would be bad enough if only property were immolated on this sacrificial altar, but it does not end here. Valuable lives are being lost every year as carelessness with fire takes toll of human as well as material resources.

The term "unnecessary sacrifice" has been used in reviewing these losses. That the phrase is justifiable is readily demonstrated when one analyses the figures released by government agencies and takes note of the causes responsible for this terrible waste.

The Big Five

Public enemy No. 1 in the prairie provinces in 1940 was carelessness in handling smoking materials—tobacco, cigarettes and cigars and for a number of years the careless smoker has headed the list as the responsible agent for heaviest fire loss in the Canadian west. Defective stoves and furnaces rank next in the black list, while playing with matches, overheated chimneys and pipes and careless handling of petroleum products follow in sequence of their evil import.

One has only to scan the list of the big five to discern that there is amply warranty for declaring that carelessness and ignorance are the root cause of this needless waste and sacrifice and to state unhesitatingly that practically all of it could have been avoided with the exercise of a little commonsense, care and forethought.

While the careless smoker is a menace the year round, and possibly this is the reason that he heads the list, some of the other hazards listed as primary causes of uncontrolled fire are amplified many fold during the winter season just at hand, and especially is this true of defective stoves and furnaces and overheated chimneys and pipes. Possibly the careless handling of petroleum products may be listed as an acute winter hazard when one remembers how often, far too often, a sluggish fire in the kitchen stove is prodded into action by a dash of coal oil and even the still more dangerous gasoline.

Because of these increased dangers during the winter months now is the time for the occupants of every farm and every home in hamlet, village and town to check over furnaces, stoves and pipes, repair all defects and to make a solemn resolution to eschew the use of coal oil or gasoline to speed up a recalcitrant fire.

More Important In War

These are important precautions to take not only in winter but throughout the year. They are important measures in peace time, but in war time their importance is multiplied many times over. At a time when the material is conserving, and must conserve, all its assets in manpower and materials to wage a desperate war against the forces of evil, every life lost by fire, every dollar that goes up in smoke is an aid to the brutal Hitler and his Nazi hordes. Let it not be forgotten that loss of life and property are of tangible assistance to the enemy.

For this reason, if for no other, efforts to prevent loss by fire should be redoubled and no stone should be left unturned to make loss from this cause impossible. As already indicated, the risk is much greater during the next few months than in the summer and is greater while we are at war than in times of peace, even after discounting sabotage possibilities.

In the small towns and villages, much of the fire fighting equipment is manned by voluntary forces. Enlistments in the army, the navy and the air force have necessarily impaired the experienced personnel available to quench a conflagration. Hence, because of the war, danger from fire has been increased and it behooves those who have not fared forth in uniform to take every precaution to prevent a fire breaking out and to be prepared to adequately cope with fire if someone is careless enough to let it break out.

Once a year integrity of coins turned out at the Ottawa mint is checked by three assay commissioners.

"You were always a fault-finder," growled the wife.
"Yes, dear," responded the husband, meekly, "I found you."

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Plans For Post-War Emigration

Very Heavy Influx From Britain To Canada Is Foreseen

Officials of the British Dominions Emigration Society announced that they are already laying plans for a mass wave of emigration from Britain to Canada immediately after the war.

Founded some 60 years ago as a philanthropic organization, the first purpose of the British Dominions Emigration Society was to assist settlers in Canada to reunite with their families. Though its activities have necessarily had to be suspended since the outbreak of war, it is fully expected that larger numbers than ever before will apply for passage assistance immediately after the cessation of hostilities.

It is realized that one of Canada's immediate needs after the war will be immigration from the British Isles. Many adventurous spirits will first strike out alone, leaving their families temporarily in Britain, and the Emigration Society expects many calls to be made upon it to assist wives and children join their husbands and fathers. This is the particular purpose of the organization which was originally founded and the Society is now laying its plans to see that that necessary assistance will be forthcoming in as many cases as possible.

Apart from the various privations and dangers that were faced by the settlers of two and three generations ago, one of their major difficulties was to establish themselves, build their new homes, support their families in England and, at the same time, save sufficient money to bring their families to the new land. The British Dominions Emigration Society was formed by a group of charitably minded citizens to assist in the reunion of these families by advancing loans without interest charges. More than 40,000 families have been assisted and hundreds of thousands of people now in Canada owe their presence to the work of this organization. Its activities have stirred the warm commendation of many British and Canadian Government officials and, most recently, for the continuance of its work and the promise of further assistance to future immigrants, the earnest congratulations of the Canadian Premier, the Rt. Hon. Mackenzie King.

The head office of the society is in London, England, and the Canadian manager is E. Gordon Burgoyne, whose office is located in Montreal.

Rather Important

Airman Had Good Reason For Wanting To Look Trim

The young airman came into the Y.M.C.A. at London's Waterloo station. It was early in the morning. He had just stepped off the train after an obvious long journey. His uniform was crumpled from his having slept in it. His face bore a worried look.

"Anything wrong?" asked the "Y" man in charge.

The airman nodded. "I've an appointment this morning," he said mournfully, "and just look at this uniform."

"It's pretty bad," the "Y" man agreed.

"I suppose there's no place open this early where I can get a job of pressing done?"

There was no place, the other knew. He thought for a moment.

"No. But I think I may be able to borrow an iron. That be any good?"

The airman's face lit up. "Could you really?" he asked incredulously.

The "Y" man could and did. Off came the airman's uniform and he retired, while the other plied the iron.

The job finished, the flyer donned the uniform and gazed admiringly at its smooth perfection. He shook his head in wonderment.

"Gee, thanks!" he said. "This is fine. I was awfully worried about the way I looked."

His voice grew confidential. "You see, I've got to go to Buckingham Palace this morning and a chap likes to look his best when he's being given a medal by the King. Thanks awfully."

Ban On Swiss Trade

Britain Can No Longer Continue To Permit Passage Of Material

The British Ministry of economic warfare announced Britain no longer could continue the limited facilities which heretofore have accorded passage of material for Switzerland's industry through the sea blockade and across enemy territory.

A statement said the action was taken because of the terms of a recent commercial agreement between Switzerland and Germany.

It said the British government appreciated the difficulties of the position of Switzerland, a land-locked neutral, and would continue to give facilities within limits for imports for foodstuffs and other goods for strictly domestic consumption.

No automobiles are allowed on Mackinac Island, Michigan. 2432

New Radio Device

Test Machine For Detecting And Intercepting Enemy Aircraft

Guarded as a military secret, the United States army's new radio device for determining and intercepting enemy aircraft is completing its first comprehensive test.

Brig.-Gen. C. H. Wash, commander of the 2nd Interceptor Command of Seattle, explained its general method of operation.

"Instrument devices, operating without human attention, automatically feed to the stations behind the lines information on movement of aircraft which enables skilled operators on filter boards to plot their courses," he said.

"Automatic devices do not discriminate between friendly and hostile aircraft; filter board operators must do this in a few seconds from their knowledge of the position and movements of friendly airplanes. Hostile tracks are transmitted immediately to an officer who with the instruments—also secret—can determine almost instantaneously the time and place at which his own army's fighter craft can intercept the opponents. He forwards corresponding orders to fighter plane commands."

General Wash, who spent six weeks in Britain early this year as an aviation observer, said the equipment being tested now is American-made and is the first to receive a tryout in the U.S. under conditions simulating actual warfare.

A pair of shells of the Australian giant clam, used as holy water fonts at St. Sulpice, Paris, weigh 500 pounds.

Records show that 90 per cent. of automobile owners have in the past bought new cars once every 22 to 30 months.

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The distance around the equator has shrunk 1½ miles in the last 100 years, according to scientists.

The chief sources of cork are Spain and Portugal.

Small Wonder

The News of the World says Hitler has lost at least a stone since the beginning of the Russian campaign. A Latin-American diplomat who saw him in Berlin, where the Fuehrer spent a few days before going to the Eastern front, said that his uniform was positively hanging on him and that his hair was obviously turning grey very fast.

For nearly two centuries, St. Paul's cathedral, London, was without bells. It chimes were installed about 60 years ago.

I'VE STOPPED TAKING PILLS AND POWDERS... I'M SOLD ON ALL-BRAN!

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DAUGHTER OF DESTINY

—BY—
Eleanor Atterbury Colton

CHAPTER XXVII.

For an instant that stretched time into infinity, Devona and Talbot faced each other across that handsome room. A clock ticked sonorously somewhere, Devona realized. And a muffled thudding that must be of her own heart pounded like distant kettle drums.

She waited, scarcely breathing, searching for the right word, the right gesture—

"Well?" Talbot finally broke the spell himself with a quietness that she had, a few moments ago, mistaken for calm reasonableness.

"Why did you come back? This isn't going to be pretty."

Devona moistened dry lips, tried to match that false calm with real control. "I had to come back."

"No you didn't. And you'd better run along now. Surely a man has a right to—his lips twisted—"his own decisions."

"No, not in this decision." She took a step toward him, flinched as she saw his fingers tighten around the gun's handle. "Not when it involves others."

"Fortunately, this decision doesn't involve any one but myself. Except," he added dryly, "as it relieves them of responsibilities."

"But it does, Tal. It involves all of us."

"All of whom?"

"Every one who loves you."

He shrugged. "Dale, maybe. But I'm a drug around his neck. He'll be better off. Otherwise, there's no one."

"Yes, there is. We all love you—Tal, Dale." Talbot reached him suddenly. Instinctively she knew she'd touched him finally. "You mustn't do this—to me."

The faint fingers on the gun butt relaxed a little. "Do you mean that, Devona?"

"But—of course, Tal." It was worth it, that little lie, she assured herself watching him drop the gun slowly onto the desk. Besides, it wasn't exactly a lie. She did love him—for himself, for the traits he shared with his brother, for his need of her. Not the way she loved, loved—Dale. Still—

"Devona—you mean—" Tal's grim face relaxed, almost imperceptibly at first, changed from despair to heartbreaking hopefulness.

Mute now with relief, Devona nodded, held out her arms to him. In the next moment he'd crossed the room to her, gathered her convulsively into his arms.

"Oh, my darling, Oh, my God, Devona. You don't know what this means Devona. I love you. I've wanted you, I need you, my sweet, since that terrible moment that Devona had flung it wide, closed softly now. The sound of its latch jerked at their attention."

Still holding her close, Tal spoke over her shoulder.

"Hello, Dale."

For an instant Devona stared straight ahead at Tal's ailing lip. An instant in which she tried to discipline the expression on her face, regiment the routed emotions fleeing now like some ragged army through her mind. When she turned, she met the strange smile on Dale's lips, heard a note of—could it be hatred—in his voice.

"Well—sounds as if congratulations were in order, Tal."

"I'll say!" Tal's face was a study in proud delight. "And what's the idea of busting in on a guy when he's right in the midst of his proposing?"

Dale managed a grin. "Sorry, old man, I had no idea you were up to that."

"Neither did I—until just now." Tal hugged her close, smiled down at her. "May I present the future Mrs. Brasher," he said. Then laughing, he amended, "the future Mrs. Talbot Brasher, I should say."

Unflinching, Devona met Dale's

glance as it travelled from Tal's jubilant face to her own trembling smile.

"Congratulations, Tal," Dale said, but he looked at her. "And my very best wishes for your happiness."

But Dale's eyes were bafflingly masked. He only smiled carelessly as Tal burst out of the room shouting, "Abbot! Hey, there, Abbot! Open that champagne. Both bottles. We're celebrating, Abbot! Where the devil is that—"

As Tal's steps thundered down the hall, Devona and Dale faced each other across a widening chasm of silence. Finally Dale bridged it with a sarcastic:

"So it's to be—Mrs. Talbot Brasher."

Obviously he hadn't seen—he didn't understand! She wanted to sink into that chasm and pull it over her head. "Yes," she managed quietly. "Talbot needs me."

Perhaps it was better this way. For Tal's sake, Dale had better not know about—about the gun.

"And I presume—" Dale bowed a little, "you need him too?"

"Of course." Quick loyalty to Tal, to her own promise to him, prompted her, as head high, she met Dale's challenge levelly. "I love him," she added quietly.

"I see. Isn't it rather—sudden?" She flushed, her eyes lowered, defeated for the moment before the savage assault of Dale's sarcasm.

"I—I—" she stammered helplessly, but her lips as words refused to come.

"I didn't know you had ambitions in his direction."

"That stung her pride out of its miteness. 'What do you mean?'"

"I mean that for an ambitious little girl like yourself, I'd rather assume marriage would have to have a handsome price tag attached. And—"

His smile was like a smart slap in the face, "if you didn't know, you should be told now that the Brasher fortune is practically non-existent."

"Surprised! I don't wonder! But you see—it's this way. What the depression didn't do to us, this little plunge into backing Tal's play, finished up. We're broke, my dear little future sister-in-law. So—let's be letting yourself in for something—"

Fury swept a crimson flood-tide over her cheeks as Devona took a step toward him, her slim fists clenched, her words coming low and even as she lashed out at him.

"You're despicable. You're attributing to me, and to Tal, your own contemptible motives. I love Tal. I'll marry him for that reason—and for no other."

"Good!" Dale applauded dryly, leaned one elbow against the fireplace mantel with magnificent carelessness. "And let's hope you really mean that. Tal couldn't stand another blow. I suppose you realize, Or—would anything like that really concern you?"

She clutched a chair back to keep her hands from flying to his smiling, sarcastic face. "I realize it—perfectly. I shan't let him down."

"Again—good." His eyes traveled slowly from her face, down the length of her soft velvet gown, to the points of her pretty slippers, and then back. "At that, it will be one way to advance your—career, won't it?"

So that's what he thought! Just a cheap opportunist! Devona's rage turned to dust in her throat. Dismissing her, Dale was only fighting her this way to protect Tal from what he probably believed was unscrupulous selfishness. How could she make him see that?

"Please believe me Dale. It's not my career—it's Tal's! I'll work for now. You're so wrong about—"

"We shall see." Dale shrugged and then as Tal's footsteps sounded again in the hall outside, he turned to her, his face grim, his voice lowered.

"If you do let him down, if you add one iota to the agony he's just been through, by all the gods, Devona Raebourne, I'll kill you. He's the only brother I've got and I happen to care more about what and happen to him than anything else. Understand that? Or can you?"

Mute, she nodded, fought back tears.

"If you don't mean it when you say you love him—" Dale's eyes blazed—"then I'm warning you to clear out while there's yet time."

"I—"

But Tal's hilarious return spared her an answer. Carrying a tray of thin-stemmed glasses and champagne in a silver ice bucket, he kicked open the door, strode triumphantly into the room.

"You play bartender, Dale," he commanded and, turning, swept Devona into his arms again. "What do you think of my bride-to-be, old man? Isn't she—" his eyes devoured her, "gorgeous?"

"Very," Dale agreed dryly, picked up the silver handled bottle opener.

"And to think I found out she loved me on Just the night I needed to know it more than anything else," he added, seriously, as he held her close. Then, releasing her, he stamped across the room. "You know, Dale, that plays' lousy. I know it, too. I'm not sap enough to believe in it now. But it has possibilities. I'll do another. As Devona says. A better one. By heavens, I will. And I'll make those damned critics eat every word they're rushing off to get printed right this minute. Won't I, darling?"

Crossing to her again, he gave her chin a little shake, kissed the top of her nose lightly.

Smiling, she nodded. "Of course you will."

"And I'll pay you back, Dale—all your share of the estate that's gone up with this mess." Tal's face was flushed, eager.

Dale poured the bubbling champagne with a steady hand. "Forget that. It was a gamble I took with my eyes open. We lost. That's all."

"But next time we won't lose," Tal insisted. "With Devona beside me now—"

"Yes. With Devona"—Dale handed her a brimming glass—"you should really—go places."

"A toast, Dale," Tal prompted, lifting his glass. "You propose the first one."

Dale lifted his glass. "To my future sister-in-law—and may her every ambition be realized."

(To Be Continued)

War Plants

Advocates Increasing Number of Plants in Western Canada.

Government officials are studying the possibility of a labor shortage in eastern Canada, where most of the war industry plants are located. C. Blake Jackson, recently appointed controller of construction for Canada said in an interview at Winnipeg.

Jackson said he favors decentralization of Canadian war industries so the number of plants would be increased in western Canada. He advocated taking the factories to the workers rather than transporting workers to plants because this would not only alleviate the danger of labor shortage but do away with congestion.

Doctors are fond of prescribing walking for exercise. And more people would follow the prescription if they could only do so in a comfortable chair.

Roll 'em with Ogden's!



Ask any real roll-your-own about Ogden's. He'll tell you he has been smoking it for twenty years or more. Why? Because it's not just another tobacco—it's Ogden's. And Ogden's has a taste all its own, a taste which comes from its distinctive blend of choice ripe tobaccos. Take a tip from old timers and roll 'em with Ogden's.

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Recalling The Crimea

A Spot On The Map That Is Rich In British Tradition

"Crimea cut off by Nazi forces, London Hears." So runs a headline, and that eastern battle front by the same token suddenly grows more vivid. Crimea is a place name rich with associations for all English-speaking men. But Crimea—that sounds different. Our tribal kindred fought over all the Crimea less than a century ago, and they fought at the very noon of Victoria's day, one of the two great ages for men who speak English. The tight little isle then was literally over-populated with great thinkers, great doers and, above all, great artists of the pen.

The Crimea—why, we still wear Lord Raglan's overcoat, invented for that campaign by the showoff general, and Florence Nightingale lives forever. Then there's "The Song of the Camp," which no one seems to remember by its title, but which everybody recalls when some singer starts off: "Give us a song, the soldiers cried!"

"The Charge of the Light Brigades"—well, the kiddies at school recited that for a full half century on Friday afternoons. And one great another—"do nothing song" aired another by Kipling in one of his sombre and terrible moods—"The Last of the Light Brigade," in which the old color sergeant 40 years after says that Tennyson was almost right about the "mouth of hell," as "we are all high up the workhouse."

There was a poet who knew that peace hath her horrors, although less renowned than those of war.—Chicago Daily News.

It is easier to hide an elephant than a pin point of radium, due to the ease with which radium's presence can be detected.

You can still buy government savings securities on the instalment plan.

Butter Smoking!

DAILY MAIL CIGARETTES

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Choosing An Occupation

Says Sons Usually Follow In Footsteps Of Father

The old adage "like father, like son," was borne out by Ruth E. Eckert, associate professor of education at the University of Minnesota, at the annual University of Chicago conference on business education.

Citing recent studies indicating the close relationship between a boy's progress, both in and out of school, and the occupation of his father, Miss Eckert said:

"A study in Maryland disclosed that more than eight times as large a proportion of young people whose fathers were in the unskilled labor group left school and went to work before they were 16 years old as was the case with youth whose fathers were professional or technical workers."

The study also indicated that if a boy's father has a low income job the odds are three to one against the boy rising to a white collar level. Conversely, the study showed that the chances of falling from a white collar job to a lower income level are four to one.

GEMS OF THOUGHT

SPIRITUAL JOY

The angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.—New Testament: Luke 2:10.

What happiness is, the Bible alone shows clearly and certainly, and points out the way that leads to the attainment of it.—Coleridge.

Who that has felt the loss of human peace has not gained stronger desires for spiritual joy? The aspiration after heavenly good comes even before we discover what belongs to wisdom and Love.—Mary Baker Eddy.

The strength and the happiness of a man consists in finding out the way in which God is going, and going in that way, too.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Happiness and virtue rest upon each other; the best are not only the happiest, but the happiest are usually the best.

Every heart that has beat strong and cheerfully has left a hopeful impulse behind it in the world, and bettered the tradition of mankind.—Stevenson.

Promises To Be Costly

German Economy Hard Hit By Their Invasion Of Russia

The invasion of the Soviet Union promises to be a costly affair for German economy, despite the official confidence of some Reich officials that German supplies can be increased by spoils from the captured districts, the United States Department of Commerce believes.

Not only is Germany being deprived of the raw materials, particularly food, feed and oil, which it received from Russia but the present campaign has greatly taxed European transportation facilities and oil stocks.

Despite the regimented nature of the German economic system, Berlin has recently found it necessary to introduce special control over the production of machine tools—a branch of industry in which Germany has heretofore claimed to possess superiority over its adversaries in the present war.—Washington Dispatch.

The oldest railway in Europe is in Belgium and has a length of 5,000 miles.

Real Relief For Mucosities of HEAD COLDS

Pat 3-purpose Va-tro-nol up each nostril—(1) It shrinks swollen membranes; (2) soothes irritation; (3) kills germs, clears out nasal passages, clearing clogging mucus.

VICKS VA-TRO-NOL

HEY! SARGE WHERE'S YOUR MINARD'S?

SOLDIERS RUB OUT TIRED ACES

USE VICKS VA-TRO-NOL

BURGESS BATTERIES

"MIDDLE-AGE" WOMEN (38-52) NEED THIS ADVICE!!

Look Out For YOUR LIVER

Back it up right now and feel like a million!

Look Out For YOUR LIVER

Look Out For YOUR LIVER

Look Out For YOUR LIVER

Look Out For YOUR LIVER

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Look Out For YOUR LIVER

Look Out For YOUR LIVER

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I ALMOST SPOILED THE PARTY

MUMMY, CAN I HAVE A PARTY ON MY BIRTHDAY?

NO...YOU CAN'T—I CAN'T FUSS OVER A PARTY WITH MY HEADACHES AND INDIGESTION

GRACE YOU'VE BEEN FEELING BADLY FOR MONTHS...LET'S GO SEE THE DOCTOR NOW...I'M SURE HE'LL FIX YOU UP

I BELIEVE THAT CAFFEINE-NERVES IS CAUSING YOUR TROUBLE ---GIVE UP COFFEE AND TEA ---DRINK POSTUM FOR A MONTH

30 DAYS LATER

IT'S A GRAND PARTY

I'M ENJOYING IT... SWITCHING TO POSTUM HAS MADE ME FEEL SO MUCH BETTER—NO MORE COFFEE AND TEA FOR ME



A MONEY-SAVING HOT BEVERAGE
Delicious Instant Postum is particularly economical because the cost per cup is low and there is no waste. Entirely free from any caffeine effect on nerves, stomach or heart. Try it for 30 days and see how much better you feel!

WHEN THEY SWITCH TO POSTUM, I HAVE TO SCRAM

A Pleasant Habit
DAILY MAIL CIGARETTES
18 FOR 25c.

FOR SALE

One walnut enamel, brick-lined heater.
Also one bed spring.

Apply: Mrs. Davis

RESTAURANT

Meals at all hours

FRESH OYSTERS

All Kinds Tobacco and Cigarettes

SOFT DRINKS and

Confectionary

ICE CREAM

Mah Bros

For
DRAYING

Or
TRUCKING

Any Kind
Satisfaction
Guaranteed

ROBINSON
CARTAGE

CANADA
NEEDS YOU
ENLIST
NOW



UNITED CHURCH

Church Service 11:45 a.m.

Sunday School 10:30 a.m.

All are cordially invited to



BUTTER PRICE DROPS AGAIN

The wholesale price of No. 1 creamery butter declined one cent in Calgary today to 32½ cents a pound. This follows three one-cent drops during September, and brings the wholesale price four cents under the summer peak reached in August. The decline also brings the price within the reach of the pegged minimum fixed last spring, which was 31 cents for Oct.

Men of 30, 40, 50

PEP, VIM, VIGOR, Subnormal? Want normal pep, vim, vigor, vitality? Try Ostex Tonic Tablets. Contains tonics, stimulants, oxygen elements—adds to normal pep after 30, 40 or 50. Get a special introductory size for only 35¢. Try this aid to normal pep and vim today. For sale at all good drug stores.

Gun Discharges, Hunter Killed

Jas Taylor, 66, of New Bridgen, was fatally wounded in a hunting accident near the little Alberta town, close to Saskatchewan border, Wednesday evening R. C. M. P. reported.

According to reports of the accident Taylor and two companions had been hunting from a boat and were headed for home when the accident occurred. As the boat reached shore, Taylor reached for his hammer-type shotgun and it accidentally discharged. The charge caught Taylor in the arm and body.

Taylor's two companions rushed him to the New Bridgen hospital where he died. He was there accompanied by his son-in-law to Consort where he died.

Mrs. F. Otto visited for a few days last week in Calgary with her daughter, Mrs. P. R. Dobson.

Mrs. A. St. Clair Nicholson and daughter Beverley, left on Thursday for a short vacation where they will visit with friends in Calgary and Lethbridge.

Bruce Hutchison left Saturday night for Calgary, where he is now employed by the Hudson Bay Company.

Mrs. W. Milligan left on Wednesday morning for Calgary where she will receive medical treatment.

Miss M. Otto, phone operator at Owen is visiting for a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. Otto.

A special Thanksgiving Service will be held in Chinook United Church at 11:45 A.M., Sunday.

Mr. E.C. Pfeiffer made a motor business trip to Calgary this week.

Trooper Gilbert A. Gilbertson, L.S.H. left last Thursday night by rail to rejoin his unit at Borden Military Camp, Ontario, after spending his embarkation leave with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Gilbertson of Chinook.

A free people must INVEST in its own FREEDOM

A Message

FROM THE WAR SAVINGS COMMITTEE, OTTAWA



The people of Canada are the most fortunate in the world.

Fortunate in the great sweep of space that is ours from ocean to ocean.

Fortunate in the vast yield and immense resources of our forests, fields and mines.

Fortunate, too, in our democratic institutions.

In a word, fortunate in our freedom.

This freedom is threatened today as it has never been threatened before.

The fall of the British Empire would mean complete dislocation of our unfettered way of life.

Everyone wants this way of life defended

—this freedom saved—for our own future and for posterity. The response to every appeal for our defence has been magnificent—heartening to the whole Empire—alarming to Hitler.

But the need for weapons of war grows ever more urgent, as the Nazi threat spreads wider over the world.

The help of every Canadian is needed for Victory.

In these days of war the thoughtless, selfish spender is a traitor to our war effort.

A reduction in personal spending is now a vital necessity to relieve the pressure for goods, to enable more and more labour and materials to be diverted to winning the war. The all-out effort, which Canada must make, demands this self-denial of each of us.

Invest in War Savings Certificates the dollars you don't need to spend. After Victory, they come back to you with interest. Spend less NOW so that you can spend more THEN, when labour and materials will be available for the things you need.

There is no price too high for freedom.

Three Simple Regular Methods of Saving

BANK PLEDGE PLAN—Convenient for business men and women, and others not on a payroll. Simply sign a War Savings Bank Pledge and give it to your bank. The bank will make monthly deductions from your account.

WAR SAVINGS STAMPS—A handy instalment plan. Stamp folders may be obtained from Post Offices, Banks and many retail outlets. 16 stamps will buy one \$4 Certificate, worth \$5 at maturity.

RURAL SAVINGS PLAN—Farmers receiving regular payment from marketing outlets can authorize regular deductions of any amount from their cheques. If delivering grain to an elevator, authorize it to issue a cash ticket in the largest possible multiple of \$4 in favour of The Receiver General of Canada for the purchase of War Savings Certificates, to be registered in your name and mailed you direct.

SUPPORT THE WAR WEAPONS DRIVE IN YOUR COMMUNITY

Every town and city in Canada will soon conduct a War Weapons Drive. You will be asked to put all you've got behind the campaign in your community. Canada must provide more planes, more ships, more tanks, more guns, more shells. If you are already buying War Savings Certificates—raise your pledge. If you are not, get your dollars working for Victory.

SPEND LESS—TO BUY MORE WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

Published by the War Savings Committee, Ottawa.

8WP

COLORED SEA TRAIL AIDS RESCUES

Trailing a packet containing fluorescein, a chemical which gives off a stream of brilliant yellow in the sea, is a member of a British air crew supposedly shot down and adrift in a rubber dinghy. He is taking part in co-operation exercises with aircraft and Air Force rescue launcher. The yellow path makes things easier for rescuers.

NOW A NEW BIGGER BAR



MORE SOAP AT NO EXTRA COST

The new Sunlight Soap—is the same pure, quick-dissolving soap that has lightened the wash-day burden of millions of housewives... the only soap with a \$5,000 guarantee of purity... easy on the clothes and hands. Ask your dealer for the new, large Sunlight bar and save money.

Now a bigger bar in a single carton. The 4 small bars in one carton will no longer be obtainable.

A PRODUCT OF LATER SHIPPERS LIMITED